No. 10. PAGE 37

# THE HIVE.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,——TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1804.

## REMARKABLE.

### A SINGULAR, BUT TRUE TALE.

WE are about to indulge our readers with a very singular but a very true relation of an affair which happened some years since in one of the French provinces.

A man of fashion paid his addresses to a young lady of beauty, rank and distinguished merit.

As there was a parity in years, in fortune, and in situation, the lady received her gallant with the accustomary condescension females seldom withhold from those whom they are taught to pronounce upon an equality with themselves.

The parents of the young lady, however, from whatever motive, disapproved of the match. The gentleman pleaded—but in vain: and finding it impossible to overcome the *aged obstinacy* of the parents he resolved to solicit his charmer's consent to enter into the holy bands of matrimony, without any further consultation with the parents, who seemed so resolutely to persist in a denial.

Having fully explained himself on this head, the young lady, after recovering from a confusion, which, ever on these occasions, is visible amongst the virgin fair, consented to become his wife; they were wedded, and the marriage kept a profound secret.

It happened, after a few years had elapsed, that the husband was obliged to leave his lovely bride, being called into a foreign country in order to adjust some family affairs, which required his immediate presence. The necessity was no less urgent than disagreeable to both parties; however, they permitted their good sense to operate, and after vowing mutual affection and fidelity, parted in certain expectation of seeing each other, at a time when such an alteration should take place as might afford them an opportunity of living in a manner every way becoming an happy and virtuous wedded pair.

For some time they corresponded; but the husband being obliged to cross several tempestuous seas did not receive such frequent answers to his epistles as he had reason to expect. This he attributed to the difference of climate, rendering a regular correspondence altogether impracticable; and as he imagined his letters had miscarried, he resolved for the present to desist from writing; not relishing the idea of having his sentiments canvassed over by indifferent strangers, or perhaps captious enemies.

Another reason which induced him to lay aside for the present all thoughts of continuing an epistolary correspondence, was the prospect he had of shortly returning to France, where the presence of his amiable consort would infinitely exceed all ideal interviews, and make ample amends for every pang his heart had undergone.

It is now time that we should return to the lady.

As she possessed a considerable share of youth and beauty, it was not to be supposed she could long remain without a train of admirers. Her parents, who never dreamt about their daughter's previous marriage, became each day more anxious to select a person whose mental and personal endowments might, in their estimation, render him worthy their favorite daughter's hand and heart.

Several years had now rolled on, without the lady's hearing a syllable of her real husband. At last the fatal news arrived that he was now no more.

The lady was inconsolable, but she found it prudent to stifle her griefs, that she might obliterate the smallest degree of suspicion.

When she had paid every tribute consistent with reflection to the memory of her departed friend, a gentleman was proposed by her parents for her approbation, and the good old people were so prejudiced in favor of the person they had introduced, that they gave their daughter to understand their happiness depended on her compliance.

The young lady, who thought herself entirely at liberty to commit a second trespass upon Hymen, after some little hesitation consented. The nuptials were celebrated; the lady, if not happy, was placid, and serenely content; the parents were delighted; the bridegroom was enraptured; and all were jocund, all were sprightly.

For four years this newly married couple lived in perfect harmony: but at length an intermitting fever seized the lady; the physicians were baffled, and she, to all appearance, paid the debt due to nature. She was buried with pomp and every reverence shewn to her memory the custom of the country would admit of.

During her last illness, her former husband, whom we left abroad, had returned: and, after making the necessary inquiries, was informed of every circumstance we have related above.

As he was unwilling to surprise her whilst she combated with sickness, he had employed a trusty person to make him acquainted with each particular of her case; and the instant the news of her death reached his ears, a frantic wildness seized his soul, and he resolved to receive no manner of sustenance, but to bury himself amongst the mould which lay lightly on her breast, and thus pine out the short remaining period of his existence.

Full of this resolution he repaired, the night she was buried, to her tomb, and, after digging up the earth, discovered her coffin, fetched a deep sigh, and was about to stretch his wearied limbs, when, to his consternation, astonishment, and affright, he perceived signs of life. He tore open the coffin, and found it even as he suspected. His wife was almost suffocated: he snatched her up in his arms, conveyed her to the house of a neighboring friend, had her put into a warm bed, and in a few weeks she was perfectly restored to life and health.

As she had a real affection for her first husband, she made no scruple of choosing him for her companion; but as the affair soon made a prodigious noise throughout the country, the second husband, who also doated on her to distraction, no sooner was informed of the particulars, than he attempted to force her to live with him; the prior claimant as resolutely persisted in keeping her to himself. In short, a law suit was commenced: the most learned advocates in France were employed: a redundancy of erudition was displayed, and, after being litigated for a considerable length of time, a solemn decision was given in favor of the gentleman who had first married her.

This story has so much the air of fable and romance, that to leave an impression of

its truth on the minds of our readers, we shall inform them that the French lawyers have selected all the famous trials, with the decisions which have been given in their courts for a series of years.

This work, which is contained in several folio volumes, is entitled "Les Cause Celebres." The above very extraordinary relation is recited therein, together with all the subtle and ingenious arguments used by the opposite advocates for the different husbands. So that there can be little doubt of the truth of a narrative so extremely well authenticated.

## THE ARTS.

### LEAD.

LEAD is a metal in such common use, that most people, are, in a greater or less degree, acquainted with it—its gravity exceeds that of silver; one inch will balance more than 11 cubic inches of water. It is easily fusible, melting long before it receives a red heat. Two parts of lead and one of tin forms a pewter solder, which melts more easily than either metal separately. It is a curious fact in the history of metals, that a variety of them melt more easily in a combined, than in a separate state; especially combinations with bismuth.

By subjecting lead to a continued heat, it calcines on the surface, first into a grey powder, then yellow, and finally, when it is saturated with oxygenes, or, pure air, it becomes minium or red oxide of lead. By a red heat, the oxygene may be disengaged and the minium returned to pure lead. If a sudden and violent heat be applied to melted lead, it changes into a red flaky substance, called lytharge. If the muriatic acid be poured upon lytharge a rapid decomposition takes place, and the lytharge combines with the acid. By evapocation opaque white crystals are procured from the solution. Heat applied to those crystals discharge their water of chrystilization and paint of a beautiful gold colour is produced: acetous acid or vinegar covrodes lead, and forms the paint, known by the name of white lead. Lead is a very important article in the manufacture of flint glass. The various other uses of lead are known to almost every one of us. Those uses which arise from the folly and wickedness of man are greatly to be lamented. That lead should be deliberately moulded into bullets, for the destruction of human beings, is a crime of such enormous magnitude, that I am sometimes inclined to believe, or rather to hope, that future generations will regard this truth, as a malignant falsehood on their forefathers.

There are two other criminal uses of this valuable material, which merit attention:—A union of vinegar with lytharge produces the extract of saturn. This has been used by wicked men in Europe, and even in the United States, to clarify liquors and deprive them of their colours. Powdered lytharge and acetile of lead, or sugar of lead, have been used, and are by many still used, to restore sweetness to wines. The common sweet wines, are to be feared on account of this fraud. This is, however, a test which will completely detect the lurking poison.—The sulphur of potash (or liver of sulphur) has long been known to precipitate lead from its solution—but this has done serious mischief to some honest merchants. It precipitates iron as well as pernicious metals of a black colour—this defect renders it useless as well as injurious. The liquor which I shall describe precipitates arsenic of an orange, and copper and lead of a black colour, but leaves innocent iron in the liquor—Equal parts of crude sulphur, and oyster shells, pulverized must be put in a crucible and placed over a strong fire, the fire must be suddenly increased and the materials kept in a white heat for fifteen minutes, the mass must then be pulverized, and kept in a bottle impervious to the air. Take one hundred and twenty grains of this powder and mix it with the same quantity of cream of tartar, place it in a common black bottle and fill it with rain water, put the bottle in a kettle of water, and boil it for an hour, as soon as the bottle cools cork it, then shake it violently for some time, and finally permit it to settle, and decant the fluid. Put this liquor into ounce phials with 20 drops of muriatic acid in each, stop them close and they are fit for use. One fourth of this test poured into three parts of wine will precipitate the poison—pure wines will remain clear after the application of the test. [*Museum.*

## MORAL AND USEFUL.

### THE CONTRAST.

WHEN neighbors dwell together in peace, visit in friendship, converse for useful improvement or harmless amusement, take part in each other's prosperity and adversity, concur in the government of their families, are candid to excuse, and careful to conceal each other's trivial or accidental failings, studious to reform real and dangerous faults; when all abide in their callings and quietly perform their own business, a blessing will attend their labors, and success will smile on their designs, their intercourse will be easy, pleasant and virtuous, and a foundation will be laid for the happiness of succeeding generations.

But if each is bound up within himself, and looks with unfeeling indifference on all around him, or beholds his inferior with contempt, and his superior with envy; if every meeting is filled with impertinent and angry controversy, and every visit employed in tattling and backbiting; if neighbor defames neighbor, and each watches for advantages against another; if every brother will utterly supplant, and every neighbor will walk in slanders, one had better seek a solitary lodging in the wilderness, and dwell alone in the earth.

### INK.

Mr. W. Close has made a great variety of experiments in order to ascertain the best method of making ink, which shall not be discharged by time or chemical processes; as the result of his inquiries, he recommends for black ink—"Oil of lavender 200 grains, copal in powder 25 grains, lamp black from two and a half to three grains: with the assistance of a gentle heat dissolve the copal in the oil of lavander in a small glass phial, and then mix the lamp black with the solution upon a marble slab or other smooth surface." The composition is to be put in a bottle, and kept from the air. If, after a few hours, it be found too thick, it must be diluted with a little oil of lavender, oil of turpentine, or alohcol. For red ink—"Take of the oil of lavender 120 grains, copal powder 17 grains, red sulphur of mercury 60 grains." Both these compositions possess a permanent colour; the oil of lavender dissipated with a gentle heat, colour is left on the paper surrounded with copal, a substance insoluble in water, spirits, acids, or alkaline solutions. A manuscript written with them, may therefore be exposed to the process commonly used for restoring the colour of printed books, without the smallest injury to the writing; and, in this manner, all interpolations with common ink may be removed.

## HISTORY.

[*From Carr's Stranger in France.*]

ONE evening as I was passing through the Boulevard Italien, in company with a gentleman from Toulon, we met a tall, dark, hollow-eyed, ferocious looking man, of whom he related the following story:

Immediately after the evacuation of Toulon, by the English, all the principal Toulonese citizens were ordered to repair to the market place—where they were surrounded by a great military force.

This man, for his offences had been committed to prison, was liberated by the French agents, in consequence of his undertaking to select those of the inhabitants who had in any manner, favored the capitulation of the town, or who had shown any hospitality to the English, whilst they were in possession of it. The miscreant passed before the citizens, who were drawn out in lines, amounting to near three thousand. Amongst whom he pointed out about one thousand four hundred persons to the fury of the government; without any evidence, or further examination, they were all immediately adjudged to be shot. For this purpose a suitable num-

ber of soldiers were drawn out. The unhappy victims were marched up to their destruction upon the Quay, in sets of three hundred, and butchered.

The carnage was dreadful. In the last of these unfortunate groups, were two gentlemen of great respectability, who received no wound from the fire; but, to preserve themselves, dropped with the rest, and exhibited all the appearance of having participated in the general fate.

This execution took place in the evening—immediately after its close, the soldiers, fatigued and sick with cold blooded slaughter, marched back to their quarters, without examining whether every person upon whom they had fired, had fallen a victim to the murderous bullet. Soon after the soldiers had retired, the women of Toulon, allured by plunder, proceeded to the fatal spot.—Mounted upon the bodies of the fallen, they stripped the dead and dying. The night was stormy. The moon, emerging from dark clouds, occasionally shed its pale lustre upon this horrible scene. When the plunderers had abandoned their prey, during an interval of deep darkness, in the dead of the night, when all was silent, unconscious of each others intentions, the two citizens who had escaped the general carnage, disencumbered themselves from the dead, under whom they were buried—chilled and naked, in an agony of mind not to be described, they, at the same moment, attempted to escape. In their agitation, they rushed against each other. Expressions of terror and surprise, dropped from each of them. "Oh! God! it is my father!" said one, "My son, my son, my son!" exclaimed the other, clasping him in his arms. They were father and son, who had thus miraculously escaped, and met in this extraordinary manner.

The person from whom I received this account, informed me, that he knew these gentlemen very well, and that they had been re-settled in Toulon about two years.

The wretch who had thus directed the ruthless vengeance of a revolutionary banditti, against the breast of his fellow citizens, was at this time, in Paris, soliciting from the present government, from a total misconception of its nature, those remunerations which had been promised, but never realized by his barbarous employers.

I need scarcely add, that although he had been in the capital several months, he had not been able to gain admittance to the minister's secretary.

The time of terror was over—the murderer's occupation was gone—the guillotine, with unsatiated hunger, after having gorged the fruit which was thrown to it, had devoured its feeder.

MAXIM.——Many come to bring their clothes to church, rather than themselves.

## AMUSING.

### WONDERFUL PROPHET.

THERE is now arrived, and may be seen in this borough, a prophet, whose generation in this world was before Adam. He was with Noah in the ark—with Christ before he was crucified. He knew not his father, neither did he ever suck the breast of his mother. He goes barefooted, like a friar. He wears no hat. His coat is not dyed, neither knit, woven or spun. It is neither silk, hair, linen or wollen; yet of a very fine colour and gloss. He walks boldly in the face of his enemies, without gun, sword or stick; yet hath such a weapon as never man had, or used, to defend himself with from his foes. He is often abused by wicked men, yet takes it patiently. He lets all men alone with their religion. The protestants are his greatest enemies; and the papists use him more mercifully. At a season his voice is well understood by those of all nations, and of all sorts of people. He declareth the day of the Lord is at hand.—As he prophesies the doors fly open. Poor women have reason to rejoice that such a prophet is come to set before their foolish husbands a pattern of sobriety. He is one whose saying has ever been found true. He takes but little rest; and is admired by all for his vigilance. He sleeps in no bed or chair, but always standing or crutching;—neither doth he put off his cloaths.—As for religion, he is supposed to be more inclined to the papists than the protestants; for he constantly keeps lent. He eats no flesh; neither doth he drink any thing strong, but water entirely. His diet is moderate. He takes no money, if offered him. He careth not for the pomp and vanities of this wicked world. He denies no article of the Christian faith. His voice is shrill and powerful. He never preached but one sermon, and was so convincing to a man of his sins, that it drew tears from his eyes, and was never easy until he was really converted.

He is neither the wandering Jew, nor the son of Noah, nor an old Levite, nor St. John, as some may think he is.

[*Explanation next week.*]

### ANECDOTES.

THE late Dr. Goldsmith, though one of the first characters in literature, was as great a novice in the common occurrences of life. His own heart perfectly harmless, he imagined every man he sat in company with possessed of the same. The following anecdote will place this observation in a proper point of view: Sitting one evening at the Globe-Tavern, Fleet-street, he called for a mutton-chop, which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman with whom he was intimately acquainted, turned up his nose, and asked how the doctor could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking chop before him? "Stinking? (says the doctor,) in good truth I don't smell it." "I never smelt any thing so disagreeable in my life, (says the gentleman,) the rascal deserves a caneing for being so heedless as to bring you such carrion." "In good truth, (replies the poet,) I think so too; but I will be less severe in my punishment." He instantly called the waiter, and after persuading the poor fellow that the chop stunk worse than asafœtida, he insisted as a punishment that he should sit down and eat it himself. The waiter argued; but he might as well attempt to beat Charles Macklin out of an opinion: the doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane if he did not immediately comply with the punishment. When the waiter had swallowed half the chop, the doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking, with his usual good-nature, it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful. When the waiter had done, Goldsmith's friend burst into an horse laugh. "What, in God's name, ails you now! (says the poet)." "Indeed, my dear friend, I could never think that any man whose knowledge of letters were so extensive as your's, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humor; the chop was as fine a one as I ever saw in my life. "Was it? (says the doctor,) then I shall never give credit to what you say again; and so I think I am even with you."

### LEGAL MEASURE.

"YOU are an excellent packer," said a *bon vivant* to a waiter—"I don't understand you, Sir," replied the attendant.—"Why you have contrived to pack a quart of wine into a *pint* decanter."

*Effect of Orthography and Punctuation.*

THE husband of a pious woman having occasion to make a voyage to sea, his wife sent a note to the parson, to be read on the sabbath following; but, instead of spelling and pointing it properly, she wrote it thus:

"H—— W——, having gone to *Sea* his wife, desires the prayers of the church and congregation, that he may be mercifully preserved," &c.

A QUACK who affected a very unlucky phrase, and at every turn, cried—"so much the better,"—visiting a patient, almost in the agony of death, asked how he slept that night. Not a wink, sir.—So much the better! cries the doctor. He then inquired, how *our* fever was. O Lord (says the patient) I burn as if I were on fire.—So much the better! quoth the quack. How does your cough?—I spit up my lungs, replied the sick man. So much the better, still, said the quack. Ah! dear doctor, (quoth the expiring patient) what a pity it is that a man should go out of the world with all these fine symptoms.

# POETRY.

## THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

[*From the Greek of Posidippus.*]

TELL me, my friend, the path of life which you
Choose to prefer; or which you would pursue?
For in the field we find incessant toil,
Troubles at home our peaceful thoughts embroil,
And wranglings at the bar our pleasures soil:
We undergo calamities at sea,
And on the plain we're not from danger free;
If we are poor, we're sure to be opprest,
And num'rous cares the marriage state molest;
Yet if we spend our days without a wife,
We lead a desert, solitary life:
If we have children, nameless griefs we bear,
Yet we're unhappy if we want an heir;
Unguarded youth, alluring follies guide,
And o'er old age infirmities preside:
Since then 'tis thus, on this just choice rely,
"Ne'er to be born, or soon as born to die."

## THE ANSWER.

[*From the Greek of Metrodorus.*]

EACH path of life some happiness bestows;
See from the gladsome fields what pleasure flows!
A tranquil rest and ease we find at home,
And from the bar great fame and honor come;
Wealth is acquir'd from the grateful main,
If rich, great praise from travelling we gain;
If poor, in blest tranquility we live:
The marriage state the greatest bliss can give.
No wedlock cares a single life annoy,
To parents, children give the greatest joy,
No anxious cares our infancy molest,
With vigour, youth—with rev'rence, age is blest.
Since in each state, some pleasure then we find,
No more, my friend, to rashness be inclin'd;
Your inconsid'rate choice forego and fly
"Ne'er to be born, or soon as born to die."

[COMMUNICATED FOR THE HIVE.]

WHEN Venus to Ida young Julius brought,
On the vi'lets she laid him to rest,
With tender emotions, her bosom was fraught,
With the dearest resemblance her fancy was caught;
She gaz'd on his charms and delusively thought,
'Twas Adonis himself, she caress'd.

That none might the tender illusion destroy,
With roses she hid her retreat;
Then an odour divine she breath'd round the boy,
And watching his slumbers she tasted a joy,
Which fancy had render'd complete.

How oft was she tempted the youth to embrace,
When the much lov'd resemblance she found,
But fearing his light-flying slumbers to chase,
The ambrosial kisses design'd for his face,
She impressed on the roses around.

When touch'd by her lip, see each rose-bud unclose
To taste the perfume of her breath;
See each flow'ret return her a kiss, as it blows,
Whilst her blush, during life, is preserv'd by the rose
And her fragrance retain'd after death.

All hail, humid kisses of roses unblown,
Created by beauty and love;
Hail kisses of Nectar! Amelia alone,
Can reward with her kisses, the poet unknown,
And place him a-l poets above. JUVENIS.

## EPITAPH.

HERE lyeth, wrapt in clay,
The body of WILLIAM WRAY;
I have no more to say.

[*Wordsworth* has the simplicity, but not the strength of the following. Every reader must be affected by this, the pure breath of taste, of genius, of feeling.] — *Anti-Demo.*

## THE BEGGAR.

"AH! curse me not—no crumb of bread
Has past these lips since yestermorn,
No shelter for this aching head
Have I, abandon'd and forlorn.

"Dark is the night, and cold the blast,
With misery am I doom'd to roam;
All hopeless on the wide world cast,
Without one friend; without a home.

"Yet, though by every ill opprest;
Though pining want assail my life,
A home I had; I once was blest;
A mother lov'd; a happy wife.

"Think not, dear sir, it is my aim
A cunning, studdied lie to raise,
Like beggars bold who daily claim
The mite which passing pity pays.

"My husband kept a little shop:
And well his honesty was known;
Of credit this the surest prop,
His name would pass thro' all the town.

"No comforts to his wife deny'd,
A tender husband could afford;
Each prudent wish was gratify'd,
Peace smil'd, and plenty deck'd the board.

"Why could not this good fortune last!
Sure heaven intended me for woe;
Did I, unthinking, live too fast
For one so humbly plac'd? Ah, no!

"Indeed, dear sir, I'm not to blame;
The man who long had been my pride,
Grew idle, gam'd, and lost to shame,
The victim of intemperance died.

"Our few remaining goods were kept
For house-rent, due a year and more;
We were turn'd out. Ah! how I wept
As slow I turn'd me from the door.

"Though now of husband, home, bereft,
Yet, I could make a living sure;
This comfort to my heart was left,
I still might work, however poor.

"Buoy'd up by hope, a little hut
I took at twenty pounds a year:
My daughter to a school I put;
'Twas not far off, nor was it dear.

"The sweet child was just turn'd of *ten*—
From her alone my pleasures rose;
And she was useful too; for when
I wash'd, she carry'd home the clothes.

"Her beauty ripen'd with her years—
A lovelier girl was never seen—
And now, an anxious parent's fears
Increas'd with blooming, fresh *fifteen*.

"Those fears, alas! were too, too just,
From a fond mother's bosom torn,
She's now to vice and scorn reduc'd,
Would she had died, or ne'er been born!

"A villain to seduction train'd,
With speech so soft, and mein so mild,
Ay flattery and by love well feign'd,
Ruin'd my unsuspecting child.

"With me no longer would she rest,
I strove my spirits to sustain;
I labor'd on, and did my best
A slender livelihood to gain.

"Two months past, with her paramour
I saw her in a *gig* quite nigh;
Though finely drest, she charm'd no more,
Wan was her cheek, and sunk her eye.

"I hurried home; the blow so rude
I fainted, and all thought me dead;
A burning fever thence ensu'd,
Which six weeks kept me to my bed.

"Confin'd, by illness so severe
And long—my little money went:
Doctors and nurses both were dear;
And I was in arrears for rent.

"When of the fever I was quit,
I sold some clothes to buy me meat;
Dejected, weak, for work unfit,
I begg'd my landlord but to wait.

"He would not. Yesterday he came;
With cruel taunts he bade me, '*walk*'—
Myself I wept, but more the shame,
An only child—how wild I talk.—

"I had one boy, and dear was he,
But, by a roving passion led;
He left us all and went to sea,
He's gone so long he must be dead.

"A sailor, by yon lamp's faint gleam
I see you are; alas! like you
In garb and manner did he seem,
When fond he breath'd his last adieu!

"With all a hapless mother's grief,
Seven tedious years the lad I mourn;
My darling cannot bring relief—
No: never will my George return!"

"Your George!" the stranger fault'ring cry'd,
"My name is George"—"George what"—
"George ROSE"—
Around her, sinking at his side,
His rugged arms he widely throws.

Loud scream'd the wretch, "O God! my boy!"
That woe-worn heart's sad beat is o'er;
So long unfelt the touch of joy,
It flutter'd, heav'd, and burst—no more.

## IMPROMPTU,

*On the Marriage of Mr.* HUSBAND *to Miss* BREEDING.

WHEN single you were *Breeding*; yet
'Twas known you were a maid;
An *Husband* you, when *Breeding*, met,
And soon a wife was made!

Indeed, fair dame, this match has prov'd
A very odd proceeding;
Your *Husband*, single, *Breeding* lov'd—
You, wedded, leave off *Breeding!*


## TERMS OF THE HIVE.

To town subscribers, and country subscribers who receive their papers in town, TWO DOLLARS per annum—payable in half-yearly advances.

To those who receive them by the Mail, TWO DOLLARS—payable in advance.

☞ Several complete files, of volume I. are for sale.—Price TWO DOLLARS.

*LANCASTER, (Penn.)*
PRINTED BY
CHARLES M'DOWELL,
AT THE SIGN OF THE "BEE-HIVE," IN EAST KING-STREET.
*Where Subscriptions & Literary Communications will be thankfully received.*